In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed,
Acquaint her here with my ſonne *Paris* love,
And bid her, marke you me, on wedneſday next:
But ſoft, what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wedneſday is too ſoone;
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her
Shee ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haſte?
Wee'll keepe no great adoe, a friend or two:
For harke you, *Tibalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revell much:
Therefore wee'll have ſome halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end: But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a thurſday be it then:
Goe you to *Juliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord: light to my chamber ho,
Afore me: it is ſo very late, that we may call it early by and by.
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke,
That pearc't the fearefull hollow of thine eare;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomegranate tree:
Beleeve me love it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke, the herald of the morne,
No Nightingale: looke love what envious ſtreakes
Doe lace the ſevering clouds in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and jocond day
Stands tip-toe on the miſty mountaines tops:
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and dye.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it I:

It is ſome Meteor tha
To be to thee this nig
And light thee on thy
Therefore ſtay yet, th

Rom. Let me be ta
I am content, ſo thou
Ile ſay yon gray is not
'Tis but the pale reflex
Nor that is not the La
The vanity heaven ſo
I have more care to ſt
Come death and wel
How iſt my ſoule? let

Jul. It is, it is, hie
It is the Larke that ſi
Strayning harſh diſco
Some ſay the Larke n
This doth not ſo, for
Some ſay the Larke a
O now I would they
Since arme from arm
Hunting thee hence
O now be gone, mor

Rom. More light a
our woes.

Ente

Nurſ. Madam.

Jul. Nurſe.

Nurſ. Your Lady
The day is broke, be

Jul. Then windo

Rom. Farewell, fa

Jul. Art thou gon
I muſt heare from th
For in a minute ther
O by this count I ſh
Ere I againe behold